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Case of Congenital Enlargement of the Parotid Gland.

By C. H. HARRIS, M. D.

To the Editors of the Medical Examiner.

GENTLEMEN,—I herewith transmit to you the history of a somewhat rare case, which, should you deem it worthy of a place, you can publish in your journal.

Very respectfully yours,

C. H. HARRIS.

Buckingham Co., (Va.) December 1st, 1842.

On the second of April last, I was called to see a negro child, the property of Mrs. B——, a lady residing in my neighbourhood. I found the patient (an infant about fourteen days old,) with the parotid gland of the left side very much enlarged. Upon inquiry, I ascertained from the mistress of this child, that this enlargement of the gland was discovered about two hours after its birth. Those, who had been with the child from the time of its birth, thought that the size of the gland was pretty much the same, when seen by me, as it was when first noticed by them. My first impression was, that injury had been done to the parotid during labour, in its passage through the bones of the pelvis. But upon examining the gland, it presented a soft and pleasant feeling, with no signs whatever of inflammation about it; my handling it, evidently, gave the child no pain or uneasiness. This fact, with the knowledge of the labour having been an easy one, and moreover the situation of the gland, dispelled all idea of the enlargement having been caused by any injury it might have sustained in its passage through the bony pelvis. It then occurred to me that perhaps I had drawn a wrong diagnosis—that it might be an enlarged lymphatic, and not the parotid—the one being sometimes mistaken for the other. But upon a more minute examination, I clearly satisfied myself, that it was an enlargement of the parotid. Had it been an enlarged lymphatic, and it could have been ascertained that the parents of this child were scrofulous, the conclusion might have at once been drawn, that the tumour was of a scrofulous nature and congenital; but along with the fact of its not being an enlarged lymphatic, it may also be observed that the mother and father of the child are healthy, and descended from very healthy parents. Not being able to ascertain the cause of this enlargement, my advice was not to interfere with it; and, in a few weeks it entirely disappeared, and has never since reappeared.

The interesting point of this case is that of a child having been born with an enlarged parotid gland; for such would seem to have been the fact. The general health of this child has always been good.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

On Recent Improvements in Surgery. An Introductory Lecture to the course on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Delivered November 3, 1842. By THOMAS D. MÜTTER, M. D. Published by the class. Philadelphia: 8vo. pp. 52.

This is a rapid and tolerably complete *aperçu* of the progress of Surgical Science for the past few years. A laudable industry in the collection of material, and in general a just appreciation in judgment are shown. We extract the conclusion.

"In this rapid and hasty sketch of a portion of what has occupied the time and talents of our brethren for some years past, it must have been obvious to you that American surgeons have been no laggards in the mighty race for professional fame. That they as well as their collaborators in Europe, have been steadily engaged in adding each a stone to the pyramid of modern surgery! The flame which burns so brilliantly abroad has thrown its rays across the wide Atlantic, and soon its genial warmth will be felt from one extremity of our country to the other. Shall it be permitted to subside? Will you who are destined to be the pillars upon which the medical science of this country is to rest, fail to add fuel to this flame? Will you by slothful indulgence, wasteful sensual gratification, ignoble and puny contentedness which readily *receives* but never *gives*, let pass this golden era? Will you not rather 'gird up your loins' to the toil—and by your diligence, morality, and laudable ambition, wreath a new chaplet of glory for the land of liberty and equal rights? Show to the world that if in politics, religious tolerance, and social virtue, America once stood and will stand again, the foremost of nations, she may also boast of her medical science.

"Recollect that you are destined to sustain the honours and prolong the glories of a science that has long been dignified and adorned by the profound attainments, the elevated integrity, the high bred courtesy of a Hunter, a Cooper, a Bell, a Paré, a Dupuytren, and a Physic!—What an inspiring example! What an animating incentive! How proud your obligation! With those lights to guide you in the path to excellence, hasten to prove yourselves worthy of receiving the bright mantle of fame with which a grateful world has always been ready to clothe him who with tenderness and love ministers to the pangs and sorrows of his fellow man.

"There are many among you who are discouraged from entering with ardor upon the pursuit of the profession, from the supposition that nothing, or next to nothing remains for them to discover. Let no such idea take possession of your minds; ours, as I have already told you, is a progressive science, and far, very far, from perfection. Mirabeau has justly remarked 'that to suppose every thing in any science to be discovered, is like taking the horizon for the limits of our earth!' Fully impressed with this fact, let me urge upon you constant, patient, unprejudiced investigation. The harvest is rich, and he who boldly thrusts in his sickle will assuredly reap an abundant reward. It is true that 'generation after generation will probably pass away ere a final victory over the chaos and confusion which still reigns over us

can be accomplished, but the day will come when our descendants, like the discoverers of old at the pillars of Hercules, may pause and say—

‘Hic tandem stetimus, nobis ubi deficit orbis!’

Dwell not then upon what has been done but what remains to do.

“Another influence well calculated to dampen your energies is the success of quackery. The dark clouds of ignorance, and error, and presumption do indeed gather more and more around and above us, and often the true votaries of our noble art are bowed down with despair. It comes not within my province to discuss the causes of this increase of the evil, but there is surely none more efficient than the facility with which a medical degree is usually obtained, and consequently the little value set upon its possession by the community at large. I trust, however, that a better state of things will sooner or later arise, and in the mean time should any among you be disheartened, let him not look to the boasted success of the lying and impudent quack, but to the brilliant examples of wisdom, and intellect, and honesty with which our profession is replete. In whatever direction we turn, the trophies of these great men are before us, and pointing to them, gentlemen, I would appeal to you in the language of Demosthenes when pleading in behalf of the Rhodians, he invoked the memory of the illustrious dead and pointed to the monuments of their valour to rouse their sons to the same noble achievements; ‘think,’ says he, ‘that your ancestors erected these trophies not that the view might barely strike you with admiration, but that *you* might imitate the virtues of the men who raised them!’ Allow not then the temptings of the demon of avarice to lead you astray—the gains of the mercenary and hard hearted empiric, though often alluring to the poor and diligent, but honest and honourable votary of his art, can in the end be productive of no comfort, no satisfaction. I envy not the man whose highest pinnacle of professional eminence is based upon money, whose loftiest aspirations are bounded by an horizon of gold. Alas! he knows not the charm that envelopes and hallows the charitable act; he feels not the genial warmth which springs from the poor man’s blessing; he cares not for the tears of the orphan and widow; he thinks of and values only, the means by which he may heap up the poor, fleeting, perishable wealth of this world, and with every generous feeling callous, with every kindly sympathy locked up in his frigid heart, he moves in the crowd not as a dispenser of health and comfort to the sick and needy; not as the cherished friend of every homestead; not as the harbinger at whose approach the pangs of death, even, are subdued; but rather as the harpy, who preys upon the very vitals of his patient. Oh then, gentlemen, cherish the kindly feeling of our nature—degrade not by sordid motives, that magnificent vocation, that noble and admirable mission which shrinks from no devotion and distributes its success impartially to the crowned head and to the poor beggar—and in conclusion let me remind you in the glowing stanzas of a native bard, that

‘Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave!’

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

LONGFELLOW.

A Lecture Introductory to the Course of Obstetrics in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Delivered November 5, 1842. By C. D. MEIGS, M. D. Published by the Class. Philadelphia: 8vo. pp. 31.

Professor MEIGS' Introductory presents a very just and candid picture of the profession of a practitioner of midwifery—a faithful representation of the difficulties and responsibilities of this most arduous of callings, vividly, but very calmly and justly drawn. The professor's experience in the practice of midwifery, ample as has been his share of the honours and emoluments of his profession, is far from encouraging to those of his juniors who may turn their eyes to this speciality. He represents it as a bondage from which there is no release, a toil without respite, hardly allowing him time to rear his own children—in the multiplicity of its calls often compelling him to postpone even his daily professional duties to the long detention of some engrossing case. We remember, some time ago, having had occasion to invoke the services of Dr. Meigs in consultation, hearing from him that the night on which we met was the eighteenth in succession that he had been summoned from his repose! In this introductory, Dr. Meigs recounts a recent conversation with “a gentleman, once extensively engaged in obstetric business here.”

“I saw,” says Dr. Meigs, “that he looked sick and weary. ‘I am done with the practice,’ said he, ‘I have lost my health at it, and I have given it up. I will never engage in it again.’ ‘Tell me,’ said I, ‘did you not find it an agitating pursuit?’ ‘Agitating,’ said he, ‘I have a disease of the heart—and expect to die suddenly, perhaps soon. An agitating pursuit! I’ll tell you what—there is no earthly consideration that could lead me to go through it again, as I have once. Let me see, no! no! short of my eternal salvation, I deem no compensation equal to its demands.’”

The task of mental exertion imposed upon the student of midwifery the professor justly represents to his class as one of the heaviest in medicine.

“Midwifery has become a science as well as an art. It comprises within its limits a vast amount of anatomical and physiological acquisitions, an immense range of therapeutical applications, much of what might be called pure surgery, and is, in fact, a superstructure on the general base of the other medical sciences. It demands all that the general practitioner ever attains to, and beyond that, much that is peculiar and appropriate to its own sphere. Its theories on reproduction, and its deep researches into the arcana of the operations disclosed only by the microscope, or to the eye of reason, are among the most curious and important that can engage the attention of the philosopher. And these researches are not limited in their results to the gratification of a mere idle curiosity, but they are instituted for, and they lead to, the detection of the nature and principles of those affections, and motions, and diseases, which we are bound to comprehend, in order that we may the better be enabled to exercise upon them the high ministry of our art—the art of curing diseases.”

The bibliography of midwifery has greatly increased within a few years past.

"In fact, publication succeeds publication so rapidly, that it is difficult to keep pace with a press so prolific as to fatigue and almost satiate with its excessive productiveness. The obstetric bibliography was oppressive so far back as the days of Mercklin and Linden; and M. Sue, in his curious volumes, exhibits to us a picture of the labours of those writers who, previous to his publication in 1767, had loaded the shelves with essays and tractates, and systems without end. Those old works ought not to be forgotten. Alas! for us,—we live in a degenerate age, when nothing serves us but some newly vamped up exposé of doctrines, which were once refined in the furnace of those intellectual fires, which, if they gave out some dross from their cupels, yet also showed them glowing with much fine gold. I like the enthusiasm of Alex. Massarias, who, having read the works of Hippocrates sixty times, said, *iterum vellem legare*. And I can almost applaud the old Arabian, who said, *se malle cum Galeno errare, quam cum omnibus aliis, bene sentire*.

"The works of Hippocrates contain things worth reading; so do those of Galen, those of Celsus, Paul of Egina, Fernel, Mauriceau's work on Midwifery, published in 1668; the pleasing histories of his experience by the Sieur Gillaume Marquis de La Motte, who practised at Valognes, in La Manche, and gave its results to the world in 1715; M. Levret's volume in 1766, those of his great contemporary Wm. Smellie, William Hunter's Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus, Jean Louis Baudelocque's treatise, Gardien's copious disquisitions; the late admirable results of the attention to our subject of one of the finest heads in Europe, I mean that of M. Velpeau, whose system of midwifery, and his treatise on Ovology or Embryology are worthy of his fame; the philosophical disquisitions, and the detailed cases, looking like portraits, by Mad. La Chapelle; Moreau, Chailly, Cazeau, Ollivier, Brierre de Boismont, Montgomery, Collins, Churchill, Rigby, Wagner and Barry. I might present you a long catalogue. All these writers are worthy of your regard. There is not one of them from whom you could not reap a harvest of information, which it will be your pride, your glory, and more, your happiness, to apply for the redemption of the lives that, but for such ministry, were already sacrificed."

We select the following picture of the responsibilities and trials, as well as the consolations of the practitioner of midwifery, as characteristic of the professor's style, and an effective though a somewhat over-wrought sketch.

"How painful are the responsibilities of the art. Here take this case. Suppose one of you, young gentlemen, should graduate here next spring, and settle in some town where you are to be the sole physician. A lady informs you that she is seized with symptoms of labour, and requires your aid. In the morning she had risen from her bed in the most perfect health—the object of a thousand tender interests and ties by which she was bound to that whole society—and by how much closer bonds to her family!

"There is perhaps not one of you who, by reverting to home, cannot single out, in imagination, some lady of the district, who may serve as the eidolon of my theme. Select one then, and accompany me in imagination

while I show you what you have to do. You must go—you are the medical man, and you have announced yourself as such. Perhaps you may feel a little qualmish at the thought of what you are to meet. You cannot help but go. Well, you meet her husband at the door. How does he greet you? The other day I returned to my house in the evening. A gentleman was in my office; he had been waiting there for me. He came to call me to his daughter, and desired my presence and attention at the earliest moment. His manner to me was more solemn than if he had come to demand the payment of a thousand pounds.

“ When I reached the mansion, I sat for a few moments in the parlour, and the sound of carriage wheels, arrested at the door, was followed by the hurried ring of the bell. It was the young husband just arrived with the nurse. He came into the room and took my hand, which he wrung, while he turned away his head, but did not speak a word, nor could he conceal the tears which were springing from the deep fountains of his emotion, where were welling up such gushing affections as you may suppose of one who saw the jewel of his soul in some possible danger. Now that young gentleman never shook hands with me in his life before. But on this occasion he took it, and seemed to say, ‘ Sir, I surrender into your hands, the most sacred trust : in doing so, I rely upon you as, next to my Maker, the being to whom I am compelled to appeal in this my extremity.’ I was not surprised at this. Gentlemen, had you seen that young lady, more blooming than the rose upon its stem—had you marked the patience with which she bore the unimaginable pangs of the travail—had you witnessed the outpourings of her full soul, as she presented to her father, and her husband, the grandchild and the son, which came to bind them still more closely in the holy community of sentiments, interests, affections, hopes!—you would no longer be surprised at the state of mind which exists under these circumstances. For how shall a man look, without fear, upon the approach of a conflict in which his *peace* may be slain! But let me go on with my story. You proceed to the residence of your patient. She receives you cheerfully, and puts herself under your protection. Yes, the labour is begun. It promises a favourable, and even a speedy issue. It will be over by six o’clock this afternoon. At six o’clock she is still in her agony. What an agony! Twelve o’clock, the progress is slow. The night is fleeing fast—but it is passed in groans, in a thousand vain efforts, vain expectations, vain hopes. She repeats a thousand times in plaintive tones ‘ I can never bear all this, I shall surely die.’ Her friends look at you with inquiring eyes; even suspiciously, and they bend down their faces to ask you, with whispers—Is all right? When will it end? What is your *real* opinion. Meanwhile the progress is slow—but it is progress; I believe. She becomes more restless—more distressed; streams of perspiration are running from her head and breast. The pains are short and feebler—they are separated by longer intervals. Feel her pulse. Good heavens! it beats one hundred and forty in the minute, and her wrist is now cold. The presenting part of her child is *perhaps* advancing—you hope—yes you hope, when you have no hope that the next pain may be a good one; it comes—but it is feebler than the last, and as it goes off you hear her voice—what does she say? I know not—she mutters something! Won’t the next pain answer? No! She looks alarmed. Her features are utterly changed. She has lost her comeliness, and they have an unearthly expression. There is brooding over them that shadowy wing, whose rustle you seem almost to hear, preparing to soar upon its long, long flight. Her face is of a bluish

cast. Her lips are swollen, and her eyes, which were as doves eyes in the morning, have a dull and unmeaning stare. What did she say again? Strange wanderings! incoherences! She is surely speaking to the phantoms of her far off friends. Compare her as she is with what she was when she saluted you gracefully and modestly in the morning, and invoked your science, your judgment, your skill. Where are they? Is there no agitation for us in such a case!! What are the agitations of commerce, those of the bar, compared with these? Again—the child does not descend—it is evident that it is arrested in the pelvis—by the bony sides of which it is held, as in an iron vice—you cannot make it recede, and it will not advance. Her constitution meanwhile, worn out and exhausted with the vain efforts of the travail, is rapidly passing into the state technically denominated exhaustion, a little progress in which is a little progress towards—*death*!

“That lady, from the far down depths of her misery and danger, calls upon you to rescue her, to save her! Here, too, is a whole great establishment, got up solely upon her account; costly and magnificent,—the seat of many hopes and great happiness. If you let her die—What did I say? Yes! if you let her die, what is it all worth? Think of those bowed windows, that banner of mourning pendant at the door; the mirrors covered up from the light, as if men should shun the reflection of their own faces. And if you stop at the stair foot you will hear the sound of sobbing, and the convulsive heavings of a strong man’s breast. Listen to my lectures. Look at me when I speak to you. Turn not your face away from my demonstrations, and I shall teach you how to overcome all this evil with good—yea, with much good. Take this blessed implement of art, which, like a revelation from heaven, comes so often to lead us by the hand out of places when, but for its merciful interposition, we should be beset with unconquerable difficulties. Take this,—use it aptly; use it just as it ought to be, and the victim is unbound, and the whole crumbling fabric of that household of peace, and joy, and great anticipations of long years of happiness, is reintegrated and restored, and by your masterly hand. If you are a fool, if you are an ignoramus, if you have neglected the opportunities you have enjoyed, you will either fail altogether of the needful skill, or this very instrument will become the means still more surely of showing you that beautiful woman, who was committed to your care but a few hours ago, in perfect health, and vigour, and glory, a ghastly corpse, with the pale face of its dead baby lying by its side. Now, how much does it cost a man before he can become nearly callous and indifferent to the prospect of such scenes as I have sketched for you? How long before he can learn to say, while all around is panic, and terror, and wild apprehension, with his calm soul unshaken by the moral whirlwind that rages around him?—Silence—be still—wait. Trust in *me*; and on—and still on he ventures, until, seeing that the fit moment is come, he takes in his hand this beautiful instrument of pure mercy, and power, and beyond the reach of sense or sound, he adjusts it speedily, noiselessly, without the least pain or danger, and by a few masterly movements of his hand—lo! that delicate creature, which, as Melancthon says, was *matricida sed moriturus*, beyond all hope, opens its glad and gladdening eyes to the light of the day. And then! who can pour out like her, like that new made mother, the rich effusions of a heart that rebounds from the borders of the grave, and sings and soars far, far up, up, and up to the very heaven of the holiest emotions, of gratitude to God for release from mortal pain, and for redemption from death itself. Look at that household! Is there a scene in

the whole circle of the world where two human voices can be lifted up to say, with greater unction, Behold, we have the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness !

"There remains one trial more : it is when the surgeon fearfully casts his eye upon that child, in order to discover whether possibly some trace of the blade may have been left upon its form. It is a moment of intense anxiety, fully compensated by finding that it lives, and moves, and has its being, without spot or blemish, or the least impression of his daring operation. And the mother ! it is well with her too.

"Such, and frequent are the scenes through which you are destined to pass, young gentlemen ! I do not pretend that I, or that any man can teach you how always to bring to such fortunate issue, the heavy charge of the happiness of families. Nor can society, nor will it, indeed, expect so much at your hands. But this it will expect. It will expect that you should know of no embarrassment in the discharge of your duty ; that you should be able to say this is right, or that is wrong. What a great, and what an abiding consolation, for a man to be able clearly to discern what is due to himself and others on such occasions ; to enjoy a perfect confidence in the knowledge of his art ! But, on the other hand, how must he feel, who knows he has forfeited not only the life that was, humanly speaking, put into his keeping, but in doing so, has lost with it his own self-respect.

"I cannot but think, gentlemen, that I try your feelings upon this occasion. I cannot suppose that you are callous enough to look on such a picture as I have drawn, and which comes not near to the sober truth, for no tongue can tell it, (I appeal to the many physicians here to say if it is over drawn,) without feeling in some degree, that if what I have represented be even like the truth, it will be necessary for you to do your duty, as far, at least, as it is connected with the particular department of instruction that is under my charge. I hope I have tried your feelings. I wish I could harrow them. I wish I could make you sensible in your heart of hearts, of the pangs I have endured on such occasions ; pangs that might have been spared me, had I known in my early day what I have since been *obliged* to learn. Thank God ! that lesson I have learned long ago."

ANALECTA.

The Hospitals of Italy. By Dr. STRICKER.

Rome.—The chief hospital at Rome, for men alone, is the *San Spirito*, near Mount St. Angelo, on both sides of the street. This hospital is capable of containing 2000 patients, and comprehends the lunatic asylum, and the penitentiary for women, *San Michele*. The lunatic asylum, which is still fitted up in the old way, with chains, &c., is not shown to strangers. The medical *clinique* in the hospital is conducted by De Matteis : it consists merely of lectures in a separate theatre. The wards are very large, the kitchen and apothecary's shop well arranged ; the latter is provided with a bark-mill. The baths are very elegant, and furnished with materials for vapour baths. The daily ration for non-febrile patients is six ounces of meat and half a *foglietta* of wine. The anatomical lecture-room is very beautiful. The cabinet contains a specimen of a double uterus and vagina ; and also wax preparations.

Not far from this, in the Lungara, is the Botanical Garden. The plants

are arranged according to the Linnæan system, trees in the higher, and shrubs in the lower part. The walls of the botanical lecture-room are covered with figures of plants. In the *Ospedale degl' Incurabili* on the *Corso*, near the *Piazza del Popolo*, there are 300 beds for surgical patients. The surgical *clinique* is under Titucci, for whose use seven beds are appropriated to male and six to female patients. The spacious slaughter-house is also worthy of notice; it is situated near the hospital, in the direction of the Tiber. A stream of water flows through it, and it is very clean and judiciously fitted up.

Florence.—Two institutions deserve remark in Florence, the one more interesting to the physician, the other to the philosopher. The first is the *Arcispedale di Sta. Maria Nuova*, intended for the practical improvement of the young doctors of the University of Pisa, as this town possesses no hospitals sufficiently large. It is also intended for lectures on every preliminary branch of knowledge, which here, as in the rest of Italy, are gratuitous. The wards of the hospital, which are built in the form of a cross, are extremely clean and orderly; they contain 2,000 beds. Dr. Betti is the Director, the well-known Bufalini the Professor of the medical *clinique*, and Andreini of the surgical. Sixteen physicians, in all, are attached to the hospital. Besides his morning *clinique*, Bufalini, like the other professors, gives lectures in the hospital. The *gabinetto patologico*, which was founded in 1824, and transferred hither in 1832, is open twice a day. It is well arranged, and particularly rich in diseases of the bones. Many preparations, which would have been damaged if kept in spirit, have been copied in wax. A small botanical garden is connected with the hospital.

The second institution, the *Museo*, which is usually called *Specola*, from the adjoining observatory, is near the Pitti Palace. Antinori is the director, Amici the director of the observatory, Nesti professor of mineralogy and geology, and Mazzi of zoology and zootomy. Since Nobili's death, the chair of physics has been unoccupied. The richest collections are at the service of these professors, the most celebrated of which is the anatomical cabinet of wax figures, which is open to the public daily from 9 to 3.

Contrary to the almost universal usage of Italy, the government takes care that this collection shall progress with the march of science. Thus the germination of cryptogamic plants, represented according to the microscopic investigations of Amici, has lately been added; and Mazzi is occupied with putting up the shells according to Cuvier's system, and replacing the collection of butterflies, which was much damaged, by a new one. The wax preparations of the zootomical collection are augmented, and the less perfect ones improved, *e. g.* the representation of the development of the chicken in the egg, according to Malpighi.

The physical cabinet, which is particularly interesting, from possessing the tube with which Galileo discovered the satellites of Jupiter, as well as the observatory, contain the newest and most costly instruments.

The hospital of *San Bonifacio*, in the direction of the *Porta San Gallo*, contains in one division an *hospice* for incurable patients, and in the other a well-arranged lunatic asylum, founded under Leopold II.

The *Baths of Lucca* are situated two posts from Lucca, in a romantic valley, between shady mountains. The *Bagni di Villa* are the highest springs, the hottest being the *Bagni caldi*, or *Docce alte*, which are of the temperature of 45° of Reaumur, or 133½° of Fahrenheit. There are five bathing houses, to which the water is conducted by leaden pipes; the spring *San Bernabo* alone rises near the new and elegant house belonging to it, which

contains nine bath rooms and different apparatus for douches, including ascending ones. Its temperature is 32° R. or 104° F. The *Villa*, which is of the same temperature, contains public baths, one for each sex, bathing rooms, and douches. The fifth house is *S. Giovanni*, whose water, as well as that of the *Villa*, is also drunk. Carini is the official physician of the watering-place, and director of the hospital; he comes here only in July and August, Dr. Derè being resident during the rest of the time.

The *Baths of Pisa* are situated at the end of the plain in which Pisa lies, four Italian miles from the town, at the foot of the bare and stony mountain, *San Giuliano*. Medically speaking, they are more efficacious than those of Lucca, but they are destitute of every thing attractive. The only walk is a green planted with trees. The springs are an earthy and saline mineral water, the warm one being of the temperature of 35° R., or $110\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ F., the cold one 23° R., or $83\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ F. Each of the two bath houses, which stand before the pump-room, is supplied by both springs, and possesses two public baths, one for each sex. They contain, together, thirty-six bathing rooms, which for the most part are provided with douches.

Genoa does not belie its epithet of *la superba* in its hospitals, its poor-house, and its university, which are chiefly constructed of marble. The *Albergo dei Poveri*, in front of the *Porta Carbonara*, has beautiful marble stairs; the spacious entrance-hall is adorned with statues of the benefactors of the institution, and is paved with squares of white and black marble, which, in the work-rooms, however, is replaced by bricks in a very bad state. The church is decorated with marble columns, and a bas-relief by Michael Angelo. The institution occupies 1000 women and 800 men. Children are received from their fourth year, and in their fourteenth may resolve whether they will remain there or go out. The girls, when they marry, receive 200 francs as a dowry from the commune. Meat is given three times a week, and wine on Sundays and holidays. There are rooms for the manufacture of wool, silk, linen, cotton, and carpet weaving; a ward for slight cases of illness, the more serious ones being removed to the town; and a school for the children. A prize is given yearly to the best workman.

The great hospital *Pammattone*, in the vicinity of the theatre, is a large square, with arcades, supported by marble pillars, around a court paved with marble. A beautiful marble staircase, covered with statues of benefactors, leads to the wards, which are attended by the sisters of mercy, and where the medical *clinique* is held.

Not far from it stands the *Ospedaletto*, which, in its lower rooms, contains 700 incurable patients of both sexes and all ages; and 300 lunatics up stairs in very dirty wards, the furious ones being together and in chains. For the lunatics are well arranged, but badly situated, an asylum is being built in the marshy tract fronting the *Porta dell' Arco*, near the noisy parade. It consists of a round central building with six wings, in the two lower stories of which are 300 cells; in the third one halls for walking; and below ground, two dark and padded rooms, eight cells for furious patients, and twelve baths. To prevent accidents the doors are entirely covered with wire lattices, and the stairs up to above a man's height.

In the vicinity of the *Aquasola* walk is the institution for the deaf and dumb, founded in 1818, and now containing thirty-seven pupils, who are instructed in writing, geography, biblical and Roman history, natural philosophy, and religion. The attempt to have the words articulated is not made here. The institution is open to the public from ten to twelve on Wednesday and Friday, while instruction is going on.—*Lond. Med. Gaz.*, Oct. 28, 1842.

Dr. Symonds on Therapeutics.—The last and most important branch of medicine is therapeutics, the *ratio medendi*.

Medicine is the art of healing and relieving the sick, or it might otherwise be defined as the art of curing diseases; but, in using the latter terms, it is necessary to bear in mind the primitive sense of curing—that is, treating or taking the care or management of, there being many diseases, the cure of which, in the generally received sense of the word, is at present beyond our reach. That what I have hinted at is the original meaning, appears at once in the old saying, “*Natura sanat, medicus curat morbos.*” I shall have frequent occasions hereafter to remind you that there is another difference between the two definitions. It is one thing to cure diseases, and another to cure patients. The former may be done with great *éclat*, while the latter is left undone. To-day, by a vigorous use of the lancet and revulsive remedies, I may have put an end to an hæmoptysis; to-morrow my patient may die of syncope from the loss of blood.

I have said that medicine is an art; as such, it is an example of the subjugation of nature to the mind and will of man. It is not, as I shall presently attempt to show, a mere imitation of nature. Nature must be the instructress, yet only to become the servant of man. To master her powers he must observe them accurately; but when he has made them work his purposes, he cannot be said to have been the mere follower of nature, otherwise than as the workings of his own mind are a part of nature’s operations, in which sense we lose sight of the common meaning of nature, which to the observer is objective. Art, then, is external nature moulded to the desires of man; just as nature in its widest signification, including man and the whole universe, has been sublimely said to be the “art of God.”

The connections between art and science I shall not trace on the present occasion. I shall enter at once on the consideration of the principles on which the art of medicine is or ought to be practised.

Very different principles have been taught by different professors of the art. One of the oldest divisions among physicians was that of the empirical and the rational; the former professing to observe the action of remedies, and to give like remedies in like cases; the latter to ground the use of their measures on their knowledge of the functions of the body, the nature and causes of diseases, and the presumed fitness of remedies. The rational sect have also been called dogmatic or theoretical practitioners. Let us take an illustration. A patient is presented subject to epileptic fits; the empirical practitioner proposes to give him nitrate of silver, or indigo, or powdered misletoe, or some other one of the thousand specifics of vaunted efficacy in this disease. Ask him why he makes this suggestion. His answer, if he is a consistent empiric, will be, that he knows nothing of the *modus agendi*, but that from frequent observations on his own part, and that of others, he is satisfied that the disease is likely to disappear after the use of the *nostrum*; that is, he has seen it so removed once, twice, a dozen, or fifty times, and he expects a similar success in the case before him. But what says the rational practitioner? He begins with unfolding his view of the pathology of the case. He may consider, for instance, that during the paroxysms there is unquestionable evidence from the spasms, the convulsions, the loss of consciousness, that the vessels of the spinal chord and the brain are overloaded with blood; also that in the intervals the patient presents symptoms of tendency to congestion, though in less degree, of these organs; that the heart beats with undue impetus, and so forth; and therefore he opines that

measures should be taken for relieving the distended blood-vessels during the fits, and for subduing the congestive tendency in the intervals, whether by reducing the amount of blood in the whole system, and lowering the action of the heart, or by equalising the circulation by derivants to the surface of the body and the extremities. Or he may take a somewhat different view. He may urge that though the paroxysmal symptoms certainly indicate a turgid state of the cerebro-spinal capillaries, yet this, like the morbid orgasm of other parts, may be owing far less to any general fault of the circulation in the way of excessive tone, than to extreme irritability of the nervous system which has engendered the morbid state of the capillary circulation; that to abstract blood, would be a sure way of aggravating the excitability, and that the most rational remedies would be such as soothe the nervous system when excited, and such as lessen its mobility, by increasing its tone; or he may lay down a third doctrine. He may say all this disturbance of the spinal marrow and brain is caused by some irritating agent operating upon the extremities of the incitor or afferent nerves, and that it is useless to direct measures against the nervous centres when the mischief lies in some part of the periphery. Let us investigate, says he, and we shall find some disturbing cause acting on the febrils of the fifth pair in the teeth, or on those of the par vagum in the stomach, or on the uterine nerves. Having found this, we must set to work and remove it, and then there will be no more eccentric irritation of the excito-motory system. To return, I suspect that the distinction between the above classes of practitioners, although it corresponds with the difference in the habits of thought common to two classes of men, has reference more to degree than to kind. There are few—very few—who are absolutely empirical. Under the guise of the most simple form of empiricism we can often detect a lurking theory. It is not in the nature of the human mind, however unphilosophical the individual may be, to observe facts at all times in simple sequence, without the intervention of some cause fancied by the individual. The most ignorant of our empirics not unfrequently in the very announcement of their pretended remedial discoveries, and while the very words of scoffing at theories and philosophers are yet on their tongues, betray the thralldom maintained over their minds by dogmas and hypotheses, which, though once dominant in the high places of philosophy, have been exiled in favor of other dynasties, and compelled to seek a more appropriate sway over the credulous vulgar. Or—to take a far more respectable instance of the truth of our remark—the savage who has seen the fever of his companion dissipated by drinking of a pool, in which a potent vegetable has accidentally been macerated, does not content himself with the mere observation that his friend had a fever, that he drank of the water and recovered, but he views the fever as the production of a malignant spirit, and the water is to his apprehension endowed with some secret mysterious power “by the unseen genius of the wood.”

Those who have been professedly rational practitioners have acted, as might well be expected, according to very different systems. Thus, we have the expectant method, the perturbant, the eclectic. One or two remarks may be sufficient to sketch their respective peculiarities.

The physicians of the expectant school are those who pin their faith to the “vis medicatrix naturæ,”—who think that if this power fails no other can be looked to for aid. They presume that in all cases curable at all, nature herself tends to bring about the desired result; and that the doctor has only to stand by and assist. He is to be emphatically the “*interpres et minister*

naturæ," carrying out her designs; if her energies are languishing, he must endeavour to sustain them; if they are too vehement, he may somewhat restrain them; but always modestly and reverently. "*Laissez faire*" is ever the motto of this school. The favourite measures of the expectant physicians are—ptisans, emulsions, gentle alteratives, salines, placebos; they lay great stress on diet and other hygienic agents, their chief object being to place the patient in circumstances as favourable as possible to the sanative operations of nature.

The opposite system is the *medicina perturbatrix*—a method of active interference, engendered by a want of confidence in the ability of nature to conduct the patient to a safe termination of his disorder, perhaps even by suspicions that her intentions even are by no means to be trusted; and that as often as not, she means to extinguish instead of fanning the flame of life. To a physician of this way of thinking, it seems that almost any change is better than the present state of disease, and he resorts to the most powerful artificial agents on the economy, preferring that the patient should die of the remedy rather than of the disease. With such practitioners, the lancet, blood-letting, evacuants, and revulsives in some cases, or powerful stimulants and narcotics in others, are the weapons most in use.

These are on either side extreme opinions, and not only extreme but exclusive, and as such erroneous. To look fixedly in one direction, and because truth is seen, to refuse to turn the eyes in another direction, and not only so, but to deny that truth can lie anywhere in the universe but on the very spot contemplated, is to err (if the phrase be not a solecism) from the want of discursiveness. Those who do not regard the processes of disease in so partial a manner, may readily discern two different tendencies, one to reparation and health, the other to destruction and death; nay that the very same vital action which in one situation may be most salutary, in another may be just as pernicious. The effusion of fibrin, which, in an external wound, restores the continuity, may on the surface of the intestines produce fatal entanglements, on that of the heart may embarrass the organ for the remainder of life, and in the air-passages become literally a fatal obstacle. The formation of pus in the liver may seem to have saved the patient, when the abscess has pointed through the parietes of the abdomen, or through one of the mucous outlets, but the same process is mortal when the matter escapes into the peritoneal cavity. There is strong reason for surmising that death was contemplated by the Divine Author of our being, as the result of our constitution no less than the continuance of life, and that disease is one of the many means intended to accomplish the former of these purposes. If organic processes are so adjusted that they assist each other, that they recover from disorder immediately on the removal of the disturbing cause, and that fatal disease in one part is prevented by a morbid state supervening on another part; it is no less true that at other times these processes interfere with each other, that they persevere in morbid action, and that the occurrence of disease in a part of trivial importance will be the occasion of serious mischief in a vital organ; that, in short, if on the one hand we observe harmony, reparation, and salutary revulsion, on the other we cannot shut our eyes to the existence of discord, destruction, fatal sympathy, and metastasis. Were we disciples of Zoroaster we might recognise in the human body, as throughout the universe, the sway of two antagonist principles, a good and an evil. The *vis medicatrix* is opposed by what I have been ac-

customed to call "*vis vitiatrix*." On contemplating these forces the practitioner may exclaim, "*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites*."

But his duty is not that of an arbiter; he must be a steady partisan of the one—the deadly foe of the other; the difficulty is to be discreet in his aid; if he interferes rashly and unadvisedly he may thwart or even injure the very party he is anxious to abet. We have to study closely the natural course of maladies as to this very point; if it appears that the tendency to recovery is very marked, we should be foolish to interfere. If, on the other hand, it has been ascertained that cases left to themselves, or but little meddled with, more frequently end in death than in recovery, it is our plain duty to make trial of remedies, even though of the most doubtful description, on the old maxim, "*anceps remedium melius quam nullum*." In many cases of continued fever the practice may be expectant, in local inflammations it can rarely be so with safety; yet in both instances, circumstances may arise to change the plan of treatment. In the fever a local disease may be set up requiring the most active exertions of the physicians, such as an intestinal hæmorrhage depending on follicular ulceration, and requiring the bold exhibition of some of our strongest medicines. Again, in the other case, the inflammatory process may be undergoing spontaneous cure by the increase of a natural secretion, and here the *nimia diligentia medici* might be as dangerous as inaction in the former instance. In brief, almost every case that comes under treatment requires the practitioner to be constantly on the watch, to determine not only how to interpose the aid of art, but when to do so.

In the practice of medicine my advice to you is to aim at being eclectic; do not be enticed into the notion that to be eclectic is to have no decided views, or, in other words, to be blowing hot and cold. If you care rather to save yourselves trouble than to do your duty towards your patients, you will find it unquestionably easier to take up with one exclusive system of pathology and apply to it one system of therapeutics. Individuals of great genius and vast knowledge have fallen into this error, as I shall have hereafter to point out to you; and when men have been the authors of useful discoveries we may make allowance for their having over-valued their own productions and fixed their minds too exclusively upon them; but we must not permit ourselves to be misled, and to adopt their errors, because it saves us the trouble of viewing other facts and doctrines. One cardinal maxim let me urge upon your adoption; suspect the truth of any therapeutical system of great simplicity, and the more so if propounded by one imperfectly acquainted with the fundamental departments of medical science; be certain that when anatomy and physiology are every day exhibiting more and more strongly the infinite complexity of the normal structures and functions, pathology and therapeutics must be proportionally composite. Take no account of what is called the overwhelming testimony to the efficacy of these simple methods when offered by uninformed observers. Such has been offered in favour of the most absurd and dangerous forms of quackery that have ever been propounded. If the testimony refer only to a single remedy for a single disease, or for a particular method for such disease, you may listen to and weigh it carefully; remembering that many remedies have in the first instance been purely empirical; but when the one remedy or plan of cure is to be applied to many and divers diseases, having little or no affinity with each other, you may safely dismiss it from your minds.

Let me, however, again recommend to you the eclectic method. Be not

exclusive in your rejection of methods any more than in your adoption of them. How unwise would it be to forego the advantages of the stimulant treatment once so universally applied by the Brunonians, or of the bleeding of the Broussaists, or of the blue pill system of Abernethy, or of the "beef-steak and porter" practice of others, merely because the indiscriminate use of such measures has led to deplorable failures in practice. Each of these systems is good in the right place; "nullum remedium quin solo tempestivo usu tale fiat."

I would advise you even not to disdain taking a hint now and then from the practice of heretical professors, if you can turn it to account, for the good of your patients; for in most of the heresies in medicine, as in philosophy and religion, there may be detected a portion of truth, though overlaid by a mass of absurdity and error: to instance, two systems at the present time very popular, though one has passed its meridian of favour, and the other is in the ascendant—I mean homœopathy and hydropathy. The former of these has two grand principles—one, that diseases are cured by substances which produce such diseases, "*similia similibus curantur*," as bark is said to cure ague, because it produces ague in healthy persons, (though I confess that, in a pretty large experience of the use of this drug, I never saw any such effects;) or as diarrhœa is cured by purgatives, &c. The second principle is, that these substances must be given in infinitesimal doses, and that, in the trituration and agitation essential to such minute sub-divisions, new powers are developed. Now, to the first of these principles much exception may be taken, though there is an apparent plausibility in it. The artificial action is not the same, though somewhat like. The evacuations produced by the purgative that cures a diarrhœa are very different from those that constituted the latter, and argue a dissimilarity in the states of the membranes that furnished them. The inflammation produced in the eye by nitrate of silver is different in character from the inflammation which it is so useful in removing. Still something may be learned from the facts adduced in support of the dogma; and it is that, inasmuch as certain substances do produce a morbid change in certain organs, and that change is not only often subversive of spontaneous disease, but also itself easily removable, we may with benefit make use of such substances. Often the difficulty in practice is to find a substance that will act upon the part which we deem the seat of disease; but the discovery of one that induces an effect like the disease, shows that we have a substance likely to answer our purpose, of engendering in the seat of disease an artificial evil that may supersede that which is spontaneous. As to the other principle, I have no hesitation in saying that I utterly disbelieve it. No *a priori* evidence has been adduced in favour of it; and if my faith is to be obtained only by trying experimentally whether the decillionth of a grain of opium does or does not produce its reputed effects, I must remain a hardened infidel. To such egregious absurdity I say, "*Incredulus odi*." But what, you may ask, is to be made of the apparent homœopathic cures? Simply this, that the expectant or *laissez-faire* method is in this system carried out to the fullest extent. The natural tendencies to recovery have their full play, and are often aided at once by the suspension of meddling treatment, and by the judicious regulation of diet, the latter being all the positive operation of the homœopathic system, the rest only negative.

The fashionable hydropathy or hydriatics imported from Silesia consists in a vehement and universal employment of cold water, both internally and externally—the extended use of a remedy familiar to every well-informed

practitioner. Perhaps something may be learned from this system as to the mode of applying the remedy; but one cannot help being amused with the pretensions of the hydropathic system, which is to overturn all other methods of cure, and to place the art of medicine on a new basis. This announcement would be startling did it emanate from persons acquainted with the structure and functions of the human body in health and disease; but issuing from persons devoid of this knowledge, we must receive it with a good-humoured smile, and regret that these sanguine ecomiasts have so much disappointment to encounter.

That cold water, in the form of the shower-bath, or cold sponging, or the plunge-bath, is an efficacious tonic, nine-tenths of the practitioners in this country are daily impressing on patients who require such means; and that it is an efficacious auxiliary in repressing certain inflammatory and hæmorrhagic diseases, is at the present moment experienced by the hundreds of sick persons who are ordered by their physicians to have cold cloths on their scalps in meningitis, to swallow iced drinks for cynanche, or gastritis, or hæmatemesis, or hæmoptysis, to have pails of cold water emptied over the abdomen for hæmorrhage after parturition, to dip into cold hip-baths for menorrhagia, or to keep their wounds wet with cold water dressings. If you have to learn how and when to give such directions you may find abundant instruction in the classical work of Dr. Currie, in the treatise on cold by M. Beaupré, in an admirable article on bathing by Dr. Forbes in the "Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," and in many other practical works with which medical literature is adorned. Even from so old a work as that of "Mercurialis de Arte Gymnasticâ" you may glean much useful information respecting the application of cold water for hygienic purposes. It cannot be questioned that the mere ingestion and subsequent elimination of large quantities of liquids often produce most beneficial results; and their utility may be traced, as Dr. Holland has well shown, to "first, the mere mechanical effect of a quantity of liquid in diluting and washing away matters, excrementitious or noxious, from the alimentary canal; secondly, their influence in modifying certain morbid conditions of the blood; and thirdly, their effect upon various functions of secretion and excretion, and especially upon those of the kidneys and skin." (Med. Notes and Reflections, p. 316.) For obtaining knowledge of this kind, then, we have no need to depend on the inspirations of the heaven-born peasant-physician of Graeffenberg. In applying this epithet to Vincent Priessnitz, I have no wish to reflect upon his lowly origin, well-knowing how many lights of science have sprung from the humblest ranks of society; but it is proper to remind you that he who is proclaimed as the great reformer of medicine is still a peasant—an uncultured, uninstructed man, so far as medical knowledge is concerned.* I have reason, however, to believe that this individual is endowed with great natural sagacity, which is in no respect shown more remarkably than in his selection of favourable cases for the water cure; many invalids he rejects as unfit subjects for the process, and in so doing manifests a proper discernment. How many, alas! of the cases which daily require the anxious care of the ordinary medical practitioner must be rejected, were they capable of being transported to a water establishment!—*Provincial Medical Journal*, October 22, 1842.

* Mr. Claridge states that he doubts whether Priessnitz knows on which side of the body the liver is situated.